

PSYCHE SPEAKS

Brainwaves \oplus _{MCC1} Δ Daily Records of My Being-in-the-world

R10D: NOTES [17 July 1997 (p.1), 29 July 1997 (p.58)]

BOOK: "SUMMER 1997 IN THE MONMOUTH COUNTY JAIL"
MCC1 LEGAL PAD ONE

SERIES:

~~LEGAL PAD ONE~~ (12 days)

~~NOTES ON BEING THE WORLD~~

~~BOOK ONE~~

~~PART ONE~~

L51,

The function $\pi_X : U \rightarrow [0, 1]$ which is equal to μ_F and which associates with each $u \in U$ the possibility that X could take u as its value is called the possibility distribution function associated with X .

$$\pi_X(N) = F \Rightarrow \pi_X = F$$

example

"Nora is young", $N \triangleq \text{Nora}$, $X = \text{Age}(\text{Nora})$,
 $U = [0, 100]$ and $\text{Nora is young} \rightarrow \pi_{\text{Age}(\text{Nora})} = \text{YOUNG}$

" \rightarrow " \triangleq "translates into"

Possibility vs. Probability

Intuitively, possibility relates to our perception of the degree of feasibility or ease of attainment, whereas probability is associated with the degree of likelihood, belief, frequency, or proportion.

All possibilities are subjective, as are most probabilities.

Mathematically, the distinction between probability and possibility manifests itself in the different rules which govern their combinations, especially under the union. Thus, if A is a non-fuzzy subset of U , and π_X is the possibility distribution induced by the proposition " N is F ", then the possibility measure, $\pi(A)$, of A is defined as the supremum of μ_F over A , i.e.

$$\pi(A) \triangleq \text{Poss} \{ X \in A \} = \sup_{u \in A} \mu_F(u)$$

if A is a fuzzy subset of U , and π_x is the possibility distribution induced by the proposition

$$\pi(A) = \text{Poss} \{X \text{ is } A\} = \sup_u (\mu_A(u) \wedge \pi_x(u))$$

where μ_A is the membership function of A and $\wedge \triangleq \min$.

$$\pi(A \cup B) = \pi(A) \pi \vee (B) \text{ where } \vee \triangleq \max.$$

note: I will continue this at another time.
I also want to sharpen my intuitive understanding of the calculus.

I am upset. I realize now that I am only incarcerated because I resisted arrest. I will have to show a social worker my tickets which show a court date of 7.15.97, 1PM, the day after I was incarcerated. I was never delivered to the Court. I will try to get in touch with the Court through a social worker in order to reschedule a court date as soon as possible. This way I can lose my driver's license while I am incarcerated, having it reinstated by the time I am released. This is crucial. Should I be in jail until November, I may get "time served". I am worried. I will try to remain calm.

17:00
SAT

Although the Taylor ham for lunch was delicious, the burger and potatoes for dinner was crap.

There are at least 6 guks that will wipe me out of cigarettes if I do not start hardening my heart.

15:30
Reflecting upon Sherry Nevenlis, I do not even think I would want to see her at this point in my life. My heart has turned cold towards her. ~~to~~^I have been long enough without her presence in my life, long enough to not even want to see her again.

Life is a story. All the people at the Region Office know where I am right now. I know I cannot project into the future, but still I wonder what their reactions will be when I return from my captivity. Even if I were to lose my job, I would return to the Tark House to claim my things. To return to work will be like a climatic point in a movie, book, or soap opera.

I am still in the story even though I am not in the usual "scenes".

In fact, my presence may be even stronger there now than in my absence. At least all the park employees, whether Historian Gary Stone or seasonal worker JW4, they bear witness to my mother's inner and outer beauty, her great love for her son, the consequences of 5 years of working under the misguided supervisors Jim Noe and Chuck Gary.

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I hope old man Willie gets ill enough
to prevent him from covering Jim Noe's ass.
I hope the gas reports get screwed
up. I am in a foul mood. The
medications have not "kicked in yet".

I am a wolf in sheep's clothing,
I am a lamb who will become a lion.

Just like in the island of Dr. Morsan,
I am an unstable phenomenon. The animal
has risen up in me and lashed out
against "the father". Perhaps Keith White
has been reading This Perfect Day.

Perhaps he is beginning to see
the connections between myself, our
story, and the beast creatures of
the Island of Dr. Morsan.

The population watches TV and fights
over sports. I may read The Naked Ape.
I do not feel like studying Fuzzy Logic.

NOTE: I will use ~~scrap~~ sketch paper and
a #2 pencil to study Calculus.

18:30

I am able to study Calculus down in
the TV/eating area. I am
using the pencil and sketch pad.
I will order more pens and pencils
and pads on the 23rd. I will
dedicate one sketch pad to CALCULUS,
one sketch pad to FUZZY LOGIC, and
the legal pads solely for BRAINWAVES.

11:25

I was able to talk Joe Michaleki to move up to 306 with his buddy John, thereby freeing up the bottom bunk for Ray Godfrey. Now I have the desk under the light, the desk that has a squeakless chair.

This is a relief ... no more constant babbling on and on about the second coming of Christ, no more preaching the Bible, no more being talked at while I am reading. My time will be easier to "DO" now.

As for Ray Godfrey, compared to his old cell mate, Chris McKinney, I will be like a god. By Thursday Night 7/24, we will be chowing down on popcorn and drinking coffee every evening.

Ray does not smoke. My cigarettes may last longer. I still have those potatoes with gravy from this morning. Perhaps I will save it for this evening when I am "starving".

I am learning to say NO to grebes so as to be able to use tobacco as currency. People will GIVE FOOD AWAY for a cigarette!

I put in a request to the social worker to notify the Freehold Boro Police about rescheduling my court date.

I want to know what I am facing. If I lose my D.L. for a year, I will be in fear of losing my position at Monmouth.

17:00
SUN

The plan with NOT HANDING TOBACCO TO GRUBS is working well. So far I received

- (1) for one cigarette → Peanut Butter Bar
- (2) for six* "rollies" (value < \$0.50) → entire dinner tray

* I have been advised that this is too high
(from now on max = 3 rollies or 2 generic)

We will be having inspection tomorrow night, Tuesday night, and Wednesday night so I will not trade for dinner. Actually, I will want to see what we are having first before I make the trade. It was great having 2 milks. This evening I have chicken, soup, cake, and cookies.

After the Marlboros and 8 rollies (Buglar) are gone, I have 2 packs of generic and 1 box of Tops to last me until Thursday. I will be careful with the inspections, saving only that food that can be preserved easily.

When my ^{COMMISSARY} ~~convatory~~ comes, I will no longer need to save soup as much. I will definitely wait and see what is for chow before making any "deals".

Tobacco is currency. Tobacco buys food. This is why I ordered plenty of tobacco for next week.

Daily life has become better for me since Thursday the 17th. Daily life has improved today as I have Ray

Godfrey as my cell mate instead of Joe Michalski - who has a tendency to get medicated into an abstract world of mythology. He is lost in the Scriptures. Now that

I am free from his continual rantings, his

732 462 2664

12:30

22:30
SUN

Asking Joe Michalski to move into his friends cell so that Ray Godfrey could get out of Chris McKinney's cell was the smartest thing I have done in awhile. The peace I feel is sweet. I can still picture him cursing under his breath over and over and over again. He was extremely annoying. I even mentioned him to Chuck, letting him know that he was in here for murder. I told Chuck that I had responded to the question of my religion (while first being processed in booking) that I was an atheist, and so I could not comprehend why they would stick me in a cell with a born again Christian.

Saving the 4 slices of white bread was wise. I enjoyed tearing the crust off and putting it ^(the bread) in my belly at 10 PM. I gave someone 2 "rollies" in promise of his breakfast tray - I am already ahead of the game for tomorrow morning. I hope there are hard boiled eggs. I will save all 4 eggs and devour the other items on the tray.

Although I am running low on tobacco (1 box TOPS, 2 packs Generic), my Commissary will be HUGE on Thursday the 24th.

By next Monday my account will be replenished.

NOTE → I traded 8 Generic and 1 Marlboro for one pair of socks. Instead of buying 3 pairs of socks in next commissary, I will only buy one pair. I can get by with 2 PAIRS ...

0725

17:30

Hot Cocoa is good to drink after dinner. My stomach is full. I am skimming through What is Existentialism and reading every page of Hocus Pocus.

From HEIDEGGER: Anxiety (ANGST) is directed toward our Being-in-the-world itself. Care is revealed to us in the primary feeling of anxiety.

I need not take notes from the philosophic books nor the sociology books.

I just want to skim, to enjoy, to let the images seep into my brainwaves, and, thereby, alter my inner experience of existence, of Being-in-the-world.

Although the mornings are great for doing Calculus exercises or taking notes on Fuzzy Logic, the time for reading philosophy is after dinner.

The time for reading some novel for enjoyment is after lunch.

I have gotten a feel for my moods, and how my moods change with each part of the day.

While other prisoners play ping pong, watch television, or discuss their legal problems amongst one another, I hole up in my room to scribble, to read, to be the deep contemplative

The strangest thing about this situation is that I am only concerned with NOT losing my job with the state park service, as well as getting back into the Tank House as soon as possible.

If it were not for the fear of losing my status at Monmouth Battlefield, I would be as calm as a monk in a monastery.

I love to read. I love to study. I have that peculiar mind set that allows me to treat my prison existence as a religious retreat away from the sin of the outside world.

I feel love for my innermost being. My creature (organism-as-a-whole) is calm, having detached from its worldly possessions for the time being. The things I cannot change are out of my hands. I have to accept my situation or else be tortured by ~~the~~ frustration.

The things I can change have more to do with my inner semantic reactions to my environment. I can read books. I can appreciate the "time out" in my life. Truly, this is a paradox.

SATURDAY
07 26

07:00

An amazing psychic change has occurred in my organism. Yesterday I read 150 pages of the 300 page Hocus Pocus, I read all of Christopher Marlowes The Tragedy of Doctor Faustus, and I skimmed through all of What is Existentialism?

I made a note in the prison libraries' log book to call me back Monday the 28th. I will return Existentialism and Faust, but I will hold Hocus Pocus as my cell mate, Ray, wants to take a look at it.

On Monday I will borrow a few more books. I will look for more Vonnegut now that his ghost has got my attention.

As I will most likely finish reading Hocus Pocus by tomorrow, I may start reading The Human Zoo and The Naked Ape simultaneously. The library has saved me.

I am reading faster than ever.

If I am in here until October, I will surely catch up on reading, I will have received plenty of Calculus material as well. I will not be wasting away worrying about my court date; but, on the contrary, I will be utilizing the prison library to expose my organism-as-a-whole to like minds.

My companions are not the other inmates, but writers such as Kurt Vonnegut, Desmond Morris, Aldous Huxley, Christopher Marlowe, and who knows who else I will discover sitting there on the shelves for the taking.

In here, it is safer to read than

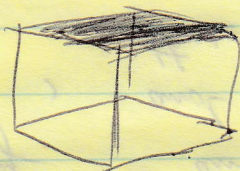
12:20

17:00

Although I enjoyed Kurt Vonnegut's Hocus Pocus, and although I will keep my eye out for more of his works when I return to the prison library, I will be studying man as animal by reading the 2 books by Morris. Even though I am in the first chapter of The Naked Ape, I may read the beginning of the Human Zoo before proceeding with Naked Ape.

Listen: "The modern human animal is no longer living in conditions natural for his species."

You do not have to be a prisoner to be caged in the human zoo. Naked Ape was released in 1967, the year I was born. Human Zoo was written in 1969. Even though we can go out in the yard, a cage with 5 walls instead of 6 walls, I have chosen to stay in to read and write as it is more quiet.



I still believe that the mornings are better for Calculus exercises as more people are asleep, and I can sit down in the eating area "undisturbed". As for this evening, having "flew through" 3 books in 2 days, I may keep this pace by attacking the books by Morris. I have a desire to behold my organism and species through the eyes of zoologist D. Morris.

PSYCHE SPEAKS

(BRAINWAVES _{MCCI} Δ Daily Records of My Being-in-the-world)

PERIOD: NOTES [29 July 1997 (p. 83), 9 August (p. 154)]

SERIES/BOOK: MCCI LEGAL PAD TWO: Summer 1997 (12 days)

NOTES

ON BEING THE WORLD

BOOK ONE

PART TWO

L512

WED
08 06

Brainwore Once,

01:00

I think I will read Gulag III and IV
when I get out of jail (tyurzak).

From Gulag I :

"... that glimmering light which, in time, the soul
of the lonely prisoner begins to emit,
like the halo of a saint. Torn from
the hustle-bustle of everyday life in so
absolute a degree that even counting the
passing moments minutes puts him intimately
in touch with the Universe, the
lonely prisoner has to have been purged
of every imperfection, of everything that
has stirred and troubled him in
his former life that has prevented his
muddied waters from settling into transparency.
Now his head rises of itself toward the
Eternal Heavens. And how much touching
attention the little bird on the window sill
arouses in him. And what clear thoughts,
what sometimes surprising conclusions, he
writes down on the paper issued him."

I will be able to endure
however long it takes to get me into
a rehab. (what could it be but another
3 weeks?) - but for now, there is
still hope in Nancy Gahn. I cannot
help but think about going home,
walking up town to cash my check in for pizza.

730 PM
12 AUG 1987

I am somewhat frustrated. While reviewing Calculus down in the day room, Reed came by and started questioning me. He had no respect for Calculus. He is one who is for learning a trade and making lots of money fast. He tells me my job with the park requires no skills, that it could be filled by anyone. I explained that I realize this, but that I planned on continuing my education at night so as to one day receive a degree in Mathematics so as to be able to teach. He was very negative.

The truth is that I already understand Calculus and that I was only reviewing it so as to pass time. Now I have hit a wall. If I decide to return to Brookdale Community College when I get my drivers license back, I can always review my MTH-171 and MTH-172 notebooks before taking MTH 273 (Calc 3).

Because I have run out of books to read, besides Magister Ludi, and because of the fact I already have an intuitive knowledge of the Calculus, I am ready to take notes from Fuzzy Reasoning and It's Applications.

I will use the scrap paper (scratch pad) ~~notebooks~~ with pencil. I may read Magister Ludi also, but until I get to the library, I will focus on FL. (I may return a Calculus text).

On the 21st day of August 1997 in
the cell 206 of H-2 wing at the
Monmouth County Jail, the philosopher
of Freehold who has worked for the
State Park Service for the past 8
years, pours out his heart and
empties yet another Bic pen of its
ink.

Without hope, I become more honest.
Without justice, I fear not ignorant
minds misunderstanding my higher
intelligence. No longer will I
put on a cheerful face and
accept this harsh treatment —
being locked away just when I was
about to receive outpatient
treatment! CHAOS!

No longer will I try to make sense
of it all. It is absurd —
and yet my suffering is real.

I force myself to become withdrawn,
to observe my being-in-the-world
as though I were already dead.
Sleep. Wake up for meds. Sleep.
Wake up for chow. Smoke. Sleep.
Wake up for a shower, some coffee,
some studying, some reading. Eat
lunch. Call lawyer in vain.
Stare at my visitors with ever increasing
sorrow and detachment. Let them
read my eyes. Do not speak. Coy. Fugue. Sadness.

3:15 PM

Ray went to court today. He will be released by tomorrow. A strange thing happened while he was in the "bull pen". He overheard two brownshirts (Monmouth County Sheriff's Department Officers) talking about my case! Little did they know that Ray was the cell mate of this "poor kid" who is sitting in jail named Mike Hentrich.

The officers were talking about "an asshole Corrections Officers" whose wife was rear-ended in their car on Throckmorton Street. They said "some kid goes around their car screaming at the top of his lungs, the CO calls for back-up from the Freehold Boro Police, and now the kid is in jail."

"This poor guy was just trying to make it home, he works and lives at Battlefield Park. Now we are getting pulled into this case! He should have never been chased in the first place - now he is sitting in jail."

I would have never resisted arrest in the first place if I were not sprayed down with mace. What was the probable cause? Hit and run?

Sure I was shouting, perhaps I was reckless and disorderly, but I do not remember any accident in Foodtown!

I certainly did not hit the CO's car on Throckmorton Street. What if these officers are trying to pin the accident on me? There are no dents on my car! Am I

Shall I slow down then?

My study plan is shot to hell as I have been sleeping until 10:30 AM each morning.

How about I trash the formal study schedule? I can study at my leisure. I will return Magister Tadi and Walden when I go to the prison library this afternoon.

First I will take an excerpt from Thoreau's Walden:

"Direct your eye right inward, and you'll find a thousand regions in your mind Yet undiscovered. Travel them, and be Expert in home-cosmography."

"Okay the laws of your being."

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer."

"However mean your life is, meet it and live it; do not shun it. You may perhaps have some pleasant, thrilling, glorious hours even in a poor house. If I were confined to the corner of a garret all my days, like a spider, the world would be just as large to me while I had my thoughts about me."

1997.09.02

note 7

(What makes someone resent authority? What causes a person to resent the power given to police, judges, lawyers, the administration of government agencies, state officials, priests, rabbis, doctors? What does it mean to be anti-establishment? Why are certain individuals prone to rebel? What does it mean to resist arrest?)

(I wonder if my rejection of the monotheistic concept of one allmighty god is a symptom of a resistance against authoritative entities. What does the mythology of the Hebrews mean in the story of the devil, the arch-angel Satan being cast out of heaven along with his army of rebellious demons? Is my inner quality demonic?)

I am intellectual, I have a great amount of intellectual pride. Am I to consider myself the presence of the devil? In my rebellious attitude, in my challenging the authority of ~~large~~ Jim Wales the 3rd, am I the satanic genes rebelling against Father Civilization, Father Culture? Are rage, anger, resentment the demons?

I am curious. Like Dr. Faustus, I do not want to sacrifice knowledge of philosophy in order to "save my soul". Ofcourse, I do not believe in God or the devil, but I do understand that these concepts represent very real FORCES in our world, in our deep collective unconscious realm.

This tract could lead to a very exciting psychological, philosophical adventure. I am not afraid of God, nor am I afraid that the authority figures listed above will discover my true thoughts. I am analyzing my inner qualities. I honestly want to understand why I hate to be ruled over. Could it be my deep rooted tribal identity?

note 5

Restless. Drink tea. Smoke Marlboro. Restless. Write.

At least I have my notes to occupy my mind, but is it productive to just write for the sake of writing? Have I nothing meaningful to tell the future? What do I know? I am just a naked ape clutching on to a pen. Have I ever come up with an original thought of my own? Isn't this nothing but psychotic babble? Shall I try to impress the reader? Shall I attempt to dazzle the reader with my knowledge of Schopenhauer? Let the reader read Schopenhauer himself! As for my scribbles, they are material for a psychologist! Do you think I am trying to be humorous? All work no play makes Jack a dull boy. No work, no play makes Mike write away.

note 6

So when did you start writing? [at age 13]

What possessed you? [my love for Allison Gray. I had no one to talk to about it.] When did you start saving your notes in spiral notebooks? [age 14, 15] [I lost all those notebooks written from age 14 to age 19] Do you wish to continue writing merely diaries or would you like to try your pen at something that could be called "a work"? [Well, I don't want to write a novel. I would like to stick to writing in the first person so that my notebooks could be the scratch pad.] So this why your writings are divided into notes, so that some of these notes might be used in the "work", Notes On Existence? [Yes] Why did you disregard Questions and Suggestions? [What is this presence asking me this?] The Unconscious Forces!

"Notes From Goebbels Diaries"

May 12, 1943

"The Fuehrer spoke very derogatorily about the arrogance of the higher and lower clergy. The Christian doctrine of redemption is insane. Nevertheless there are learned, educated men, occupying high positions in public life, who cling to it with the faith of a child. Whereas the most learned and wisest scientists struggle for a whole lifetime to study but one of the mysterious laws of nature, a little country priest is in a position to decide this matter on the basis of his religious knowledge. One can regard such a disgusting performance only with disdain. Anybody who is firmly rooted in daily life, and who can only faintly imagine the mystic secrets of nature, will naturally be extremely modest about the universe."

This caught me by surprise. It is precisely the attitude I was searching for. The mystic secrets of nature are truly beyond religious doctrines. At most, we can say that religious doctrines speak in allegory about human nature. When I pray, I pray to the universe, as a modest creature struggling to understand the nature of its being-in-the-world.

Perhaps concentrating on questions before sleeping may motivate the psyche to find answers in the depths of the unconscious. It could be that in hoping for a desired result, one transmits energy out into the universe, drawing the desired results near.

May my presence somehow reach the mind of Chris Muller at the Salvation Army, to motivate him to stay on top of my case. May my presence also take possession of those in the legal system so as to make for a smooth transition to probation. I don't know how

note₁₃

"For either to strength or to weakness, the creature adapts itself; it constitutes itself according to the powers it possesses." (Andre Gide)

I have constituted myself according to the powers I possess (philosophy).

"One always has to be alone to invent anything. The part in each of us that we feel is different from other people is just the part that is rare, the part that makes our special value — and that is the very thing people try to suppress."

Although I prefer philosophy, to read a novel often forces me to appreciate that each life is a story. Ofcourse the only reality any life form can ever know is its own existence. This is why I stick to my own experiences. I am also influenced by what I read as every word causes a chemical reaction in the brain.

I think of Old Man Albert; how kind he has been to me in the past, shawerring me with electric blankets and food; and yet, he was extremely cruel to me when he screamed about the rearrangement of the office in the shop.

I truly hope he feels some remorse over my present situation. If he was hoping I lost my job, then curse him! How I will enjoy informing him that my time away from the shop was a retreat that gave me great peace, in that I removed from the bullshit at work. Still, I will return a changed man. Let them rediscover me.

note 2 (10AM) At 0800 the buzzer clicked on the door to cell 206. That was odd, as usually the doors don't open until 0900, and besides, it was just the door to 206. I thought they might have let John Wardell out of the infirmary.

I was stunned to see Ray Godfrey walking toward cell 206. I switched back up to the top bunk. I had been sleeping so well on the bottom bunk, but it is easier to read up there. No longer will the bed be so easy to make.

Ray went back to 81 Kentucky Ave to have his wife sign the divorce papers. He was arrested for violating parole. The court will surely serve him with a year in jail. This is bad for him. At least he knows that his wife has been with another man; this will make it so much easier for him to start his life over.

Ray also did some investigative work when he was out there. He went by the Tank House and the shop. He now knows what I am talking about when I mention the beautiful sanctimony I was dwelling in. He saw Forest out on the steps. He talked to ~~an~~ his x-partner (detective) and inquired about my case.

First of all, I was charged only with RESISTING ARREST. ELUDING would have been a separate charge. There was no high speed chase. As for the nature of Resisting Arrest, the police used mass before words, then the entire scene occurred in my, yes, MY driveway. The D.W.I was borderline, and the Freehold at 33 Foodtown parking lot is private property, not a public road.

Greg Hilray visited me this morning. Gil and I go way back to third grade, age 9. We have been friends for over twenty years! He is mentioned throughout my writings over the past ten years.

He had heard about my incarceration, as I expected he would, through Steve Debus of Hendersons gas station. They saw me pass by screaming from my VW. They saw me with my head stuck in the rear window of a Freehold Boro cop car heading in the opposite direction only five minutes later.

I explained to Gil about the situation at work that lead to my psychotic episode, about everyone being off the 3 weeks prior to the Reenactment, about my rearranging the office, my dedicated service, and about how old man Allert blew up at me when he returned. \$

Having told Assistant Regional Superintendent James E. Wiles III to get the hell out of our shop, I was soon advised I was suspended with pay so as to go for a psychological evaluation and be put on medication. Gil listened, he could tell this was leading up to something. I told him I was prepared for the evaluation on Monday 7/14, but that I was told the appointment was made for Tuesday. Hearing that, I went to the Village for a few beers and a couple shots of Goldblager.

The rest of the story is documented throughout MCCI Legal Pads #1 and 2. Gil thinks the DWI is bogus, the Leaving The Scene of the Accident is bogus, and most of all The Resisting Arrest charge has no probable cause.

PSYCHE SPEAKS

NOTES

SERIES:

Monmouth County Jail Writings :: Legal Pad # 7

BOOK:

PERIOD:

18..27 SEPTEMBER 1997

Michael William Kentach

L517



note 3 (1430) I am filled with inner peace. Dad came to visit me.

He has been aware all along about the fact that I am not allowed to vote in New Jersey because of my conviction. He doesn't vote anyway. I explained to him why I am choosing to go into the Salvation Army for 8 months rather than take a chance on the Grand Jury. He could see that I had mixed feelings about going to the SA. He laughed when I told him I was going there for the food.

Just as I began talking about other jailbirds, the visit was over. I don't know why I was telling him about Paul Sotkoos, whose father is a warden of another jail, who made \$50,000 per year as an assistant to high up state officials, who got hooked on heroine and robbed 18 houses.

I don't know why I told him about Roberto the Mexican, who stabbed his wife after she threatened to leave him and take their child with her.

I don't know why I mentioned the doctor who went to shoot his wife, but shot his son instead when his son jumped in between. I don't know why I told him about the contractor who found his wife in bed with another man and shot them both before cutting their heads off. I told him these are all the sickest guys you would want to meet.

I also told Dad that 8 months was not that long. I will be out next summer. I will have been away for a year. I will have been clean for a year. My behavior will have been modified. Maybe I will have my drivers ~~license~~ license. The important thing is not what happens then, but what happens within me along the way.

note 4

21 September 1997 Sunday page 5

I am not Arthur Schopenhauer. I am not an aristocrat, nor am I a product of the Victorian age. I am not Adolf Hitler. I am not interested in Roman emperors such as Alexander the Great. I am Michael Hentrich, a German-American raised in Historic Freehold New Jersey in the United States of America - living under the government that stole the land of Turtle Island from the natives and sliced up the land into states, countries, townships, cities.

I am a unique individual. Even though I have been influenced by Schopenhauer's doctrine, and although his thought has colored my thought, my experiences are quite different from his. Whereas he preached of the holy man, and whereas he tried to live the life of the ascetic, I have actually lived as a hermit-philosopher.

My criminality does not ban me from the world of philosophy or politics. My tainted past does not prevent me from being a holy man. I am an outsider. In a capitalistic society with ~~a~~ a small minority of people comprising the ruling class, there are many more minds that are questioning the innocence of those with "clean records".

Why haven't they ever been arrested? Could it be they just had the financial resources to buy their way out of trouble? Does someone have to have authority in a church, government, or political organization in order to be a leader? Could a philosopher

note 2 (The lawyer told me that the judge gave the ok for me to go into the SA, but that I had to wait until there was a bed open. I informed him that I was aware that a bed would be available on October 20th.

He said he "is not crazy" about the SA and he wants me in a MICA program.

Noreen Camody will be here Tuesday 9/30 to interview me. She told Fagen that MICA is not a long term program.

~~★~~ I am afraid of losing my job and house. Fagen wants me to plead guilty by **INSANITY (DIMINISHED CAPACITY)**. I am worried that this might be held against me as far as my job with the parks service is concerned. I can't believe that my lawyer had no idea I still had a job with the park.

(I would be so angry if I were to lose my job with the parks.) After being in a mental hospital for bipolar, I would be put on SSI, which would come out to only about 12,000 a year. Even though I take home only 1000 per month now, that is after rent. I would be stuck in Mom's basement. NO DRUMS. NO LOUD MUSIC. NO PRIVACY... I really loved being in the Tank House. I was like a hermit in the forest out there. My whole self image would change. I would have no garage... I was very attached to that place. What went wrong?

note 4

I called Joan Iverson. She was shocked that

my lawyer wants to put in a plea of insanity. She knows people have done so much worse than I have and not even been ~~to~~ in jail one month. This is unreal. She does not think I should go for the diminished capacity.

This system is unfeeling and ignorant. It makes no sense. Now I don't know what to expect from the future. My existence is in the hands of lawyers and cops. What has the purpose of my existence been?

Imagine living in my mother's basement, collecting SSI, and losing myself in books. I would become a man with no dignity - a welfare recipient who can write and perform differentiation and integration!

A man labeled insane who is able to serve society. What is to become of me? Is this all because of my screaming out my car window? Have I been targeted? Do the police want to see me out of the Tark House?

Shall I be labeled criminally insane? Am I seen as a psychotic not fit to be a state employee? What will become of me? Nothing is certain. The future is the unknown. Joan Iverson does not know how I am remaining so calm. I know how I am remaining calm. It is my philosophy that keeps me from becoming experiencing anxiety attacks. I know I am a good man.

note 5

I was told by Dr. Timtiman back in

November of 1996 that I was very withdrawn.

In September of 1996 she diagnosed me as psychotic.

I believe that between the time I stopped taking my medication in February 1997 to the time of my psychotic episode on July 14th 1997, I was steadily slipping into manic-depressive illness, a form of insanity.

It may have been my diminished capacity during the psychotic episode of 7-14-97 that kept me from being aware of the police behind me. How else do

I explain the eluding charge? Perhaps my psychosis was I full blown all summer long. This is the only explanation. It couldn't be a conspiracy.

I think it may make sense to plead guilty by diminished capacity and enter a short term MICA program. After all, it is not Bible classes and job duties that will ~~help~~ me. It is medical attention, psychiatric doctors and nurses.

note 6

I will enter my own little world again.

I have done this before. Even though I fully admit to psychosis in the above note, this does little to change the disgust and fatigue I feel. This will be a practical experiment in daily existence.

note 9 It is all quite clear to me now why the lawyer is not crazy about the Salvation Army. Fagen wants me to plead guilty by insanity, focusing on the fact that I was off my medications for a bipolar disorder. He feels that the MICA program would be more supportive of that plea. The SA is more focused on substance abuse, not on MEDICAL PROBLEMS such as manic depression.

The problem he will confront is that I do not want to subject myself to psychiatrists that will subject me to strong psychotropics. I refuse to be set up for SSI. I want to return to my life. What can he do to prevent me from going into the SA? NOTHING. What can Noreen Carmody from the Court House do to me to sidetrack me into a MICA program?

I am fighting for my mental freedom. This is an adventure at every step of the way. I know only too well what insanity is. Insanity is behaving or thinking in ways that oppose the ways of the status-quo. I believe I will be able to behave myself when I am released. I will not be screaming from my car window. I will not be drinking or using street drugs. I will continue to think freely. Mental Freedom is as essential as physical freedom, if not more essential.

X

1997.10.12 Why "seasons in the human condition"?

Could it be the fact that the writings in everyone of my notebooks are like life in that they flow through the seasons? The moments of each day pass by, all the while we are in the human condition. The days may seem to go by slowly, but writing one's thoughts on a daily basis in a private journal shows how quickly seasons pass by.

I write these words now, but, as difficult as it is to realize at this point, these words will seem as remote and distant as the words in my earliest notebooks. This awareness of the transient nature of the fabric that makes up our daily lives helps me not to feel so trapped in my skin. When I read through my writings from seasons long past, I am surprised to find how caught up I am with the ups and downs, the petty grievances.

This is the human condition. Schopenhauer explains it as well as JOB or the psalmists.

What importance do these words have? I will be forgotten. What am I but a breath?

Could these writings be THE BOOK OF MICHAEL? This is like a game. I put my thoughts into words before I am forever dead to this world. Life is nothing but toil and heartache. Why am I not content with a calm dispassion?

X

While pacing around the yard like a caged animal I realized I was in fact a caged animal. I think of the other prisoners imprisoned here in the county jail, and I realize each must be feeling as caged as I do that each one is mature itself being controlled by a society. Am I somehow ~~somehow~~ different than most? Is Noreen Carmody able to see intelligence behind my eyes, an intelligence worth saving? I wonder if I ~~will~~ be able to embrace the spirit of the Universe so that I might be strengthened. After all, a mere exposed nerve was enough to send the noble savage into a ~~fit~~ psychotic fit that ended in suicide.

With our modern lives so encapsulated in complicated artifice, much of the most treacherous aspects of existence are "taken care of" for us if we are "plugged in". Still, there are many who still go insane from toothaches, die of starvation, freeze to death in the winter, etc.

Life has never been easy. Life can never be easy. May I not be caught up in the soap opera mentality where I fantasize about being some kind of hero, some kind of legend, or even a potential post-mortem ~~writer~~ famous writer. May my psyche become aware of its animal nature and may it develop coping skills, as well as skills for interacting as a social

X

I feel I have come a long way over the past 3 months. I have not physically gone anywhere, but my psyche has developed a deeper awareness of itself. I, unlike my sister, do not deny my animal nature. In fact, I nurture it, I love it, I embrace it!

I am an animal with highly developed mental faculties, but I am subject to the same laws as my fellow-creatures of the planet.

As I was behaving in an aggressive, unruly manner "out there" I was captured and subdued by the ZOOKEEPERS. While in captivity, the ZOOKEEPERS, serving in a ~~the~~ "higher capacity" than the police (dog catchers) or jailers, evaluated me as being worthy of rehabilitation - not to be locked away to bounce off the walls.)

I am an intelligent enough animal to know enough to surrender to this rehabilitation process. There will be time enough to run free through the woods, to climb trees, to court a female and gently lure her back to my den. For the ZOOKEEPERS to recognize my intelligence and my good natured disposition gives me trust in society in general. When this animal is transported from a holding pen to a training facility, I will surrender to the process. I will learn things about my condition before I am released back into the "free population". If the ruling class will deal honestly with the servant class, the rebellion ends.

Tonight I feel great love

Is there not a time of hard service for man on earth?
 Are not his days also like the days of a hired man?
 (Like a servant who earnestly desires the shade,
 And like a hired man who eagerly looks for his wages,
 So I have been allotted months of futility, and
 Wearisome nights have been appointed to me.)
 When I lie down, I say, 'When shall I arise,
 and the night be ended?'
 For I have had my fill of tossing till dawn.
 My flesh is caked with worms and dust. My skin is
 cracked and breaks out afresh.

My days are swifter than a weavers shuttle, and are spent
 without hope. Oh, remember that my life is a breath!
 My eye will never again see good. The eye of him
 who sees me will see me no more; while your
 eyes are upon me, I shall no longer be.
 As the cloud disappears and vanishes away, so he who
 goes down to the grave does not come up.
 He shall never return to his house, nor shall
 his place know him anymore.

(Therefore I shall not restrain my mouth; I will speak
 in the anguish of my spirit, I will complain in
 the bitterness of my soul. Am I a sea
 serpent that you set a guard over me?
 When I say, 'My bed will comfort me, my
 couch will ease my complaint.'
 Then you scare me with dreams and terrify
 me with visions, so that my soul chooses
 strangling and death rather than my body.
 I loathe my life. I would not live
 forever. Let me alone, for my days are but a breath.)

What is a man, that You should exalt him,
That You should set Your heart on him,
That You should visit him every morning, and test him
every moment? How long? Will you not look away from
me, and let me alone till ~~away~~. I swallow my
saliva?

Have I sinned?

What have I done to You, Oh watcher of men?

Why have You set me as Your target ~~B~~,
so that I am a burden to myself?

Why then do You not pardon my transgression,
and take away my iniquity?

For now I will lie down in the dust,
and you will seek me diligently, but I
will no longer be."

INSPIRATION

The bad man in prosperity may, all unknown to himself, be darkened and corroded with inward rust, while the good man under afflictions may be in the rewarding process of spiritual growth.

From Gulag I (Solzhenitsyn)

"Torn from the hustle-bustle of everyday life in so absolute a degree, the lonely prisoner has to have been purged of every imperfection, of everything that has stirred and troubled him in his former life, that has prevented his muddied waters from settling into transparency. How his head rises of itself toward the Eternal Heavens. And how much touching attention the little bird on the window sill arouses in him. And what clear thoughts, what sometimes surprising conclusions, he writes down on the paper issued him."

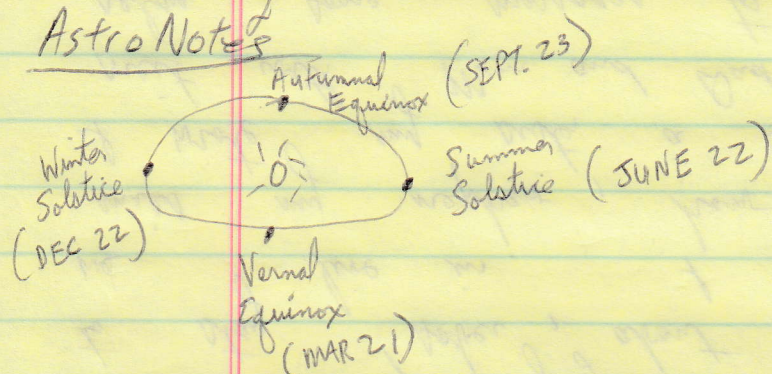
From "Power Through Repose"

"Pain is so often prolonged and accentuated by dwelling in its memory, living in a self pity of the time when it shall come again! The patient who comes to his test with the bodily and mental repose already acquired cuts off each day from the last, each hour from the last, one might almost say each breath from the last, so strong is his confidence in the renewal of forces possible to those who give themselves quite trustfully into Nature's Hands".

SociNotes

- " The proletarianization of the working class was a historic shock. The proletarianization of the American population was particularly violent. Religion, education, legislation, and ultimately the use of military or police power became integrated in English and American society to ensure the perpetuation of bourgeois and corporate power within the industrial structure."
- " The clock is an assault on the time senses of the people"
- " There is widespread social unrest and violent clashes between workers and those employed to protect the interests of capital."
- " The WAGE, regardless of its amount, ~~was~~^{is} a means of oppression that robs working people of the possibility of self determination: hence, the common labor definition of WAGE-SLAVERY". - Those who oppose are labelled as RADICALS and dealt with accordingly. They are FREE TO STARVE.
- OUR PRESENT KIND OF MONEY, BEING SUPPOSED TO BE A MEDIUM OF EXCHANGE, IS A GREAT DECEIVER, FOR ITS USE LEADS PEOPLE TO SUPPOSE THAT THEY ARE EXCHANGING WHEN ONE IS ROBBING AND THE OTHER BEING ROBBED.
- " The biggest of all industrial problems is the problem of handling men."

AstroNotes



X On Monday 10/20, I will return the Astronomy text. For the rest of the day and into the night, I will read through The Jungle. Before I go to rehab, I want to finish the 3 "SOCIALIST" books mentioned on previous page.

18 October 1997 Saturday page 3

X From The Jungle - (Jurgis in the county jail prison cell.)

"These midnight hours were fateful ones to Jurgis; in them was the beginning of his rebellion, of outlawry and his unbelief. He had no wit to trace back the social crime to its far sources - he could not say that it was the thing men have called "the system" that was crushing him to the earth; that it was the masters who had brought up the law of the land, and had dealt out their brutal will to him from the seat of justice. He only knew that he was wronged, and that the world had wronged him; that the law, that society, with all its powers, had declared itself his foe. And every hour his soul grew blacker, every hour he dreamed new dreams of vengeance, of defiance, of raging, frenzied hate."

X 2130 News has come to me that I am to appear in front of a judge LaBregue for a "status conference" on Monday, October 27th. I have decided to do away with the caveman look. It is in my best interests to at least trim my beard and get some of the length cut from my hair - especially in the back. I want the top and sides left alone!

Tom Patterson will take care of this on Tuesday night 10/21. This way I can go to court without being self conscious of my "wild mane". I have been accused of being deranged by the police. I will have a respectful appearance when I ask for probation.

[2000]

X

I finished reading The Jungle by Upton Sinclair. I was moved by it. I enjoyed the part at the end when a Socialist ~~comment~~ said that the destiny of civilization would be decided in one final death struggle between Socialism and The Roman Catholic Church.

Let us not confuse Religion with man's perversions of it. "That the church was in the hands of the merchants at the moment was obvious enough, but already there were signs of rebellion."

"The Word of God is one long cry of the human spirit for deliverance from the sway of oppression. Take the words of JOB 24 or the Master himself! Not the elegant price of our debauched and vicious art, not the jeweled art of our society churches — but the Jesus of the awful reality, the man of sorrow and pain, the outcast, despised of the world, who had nowhere to lay his head."

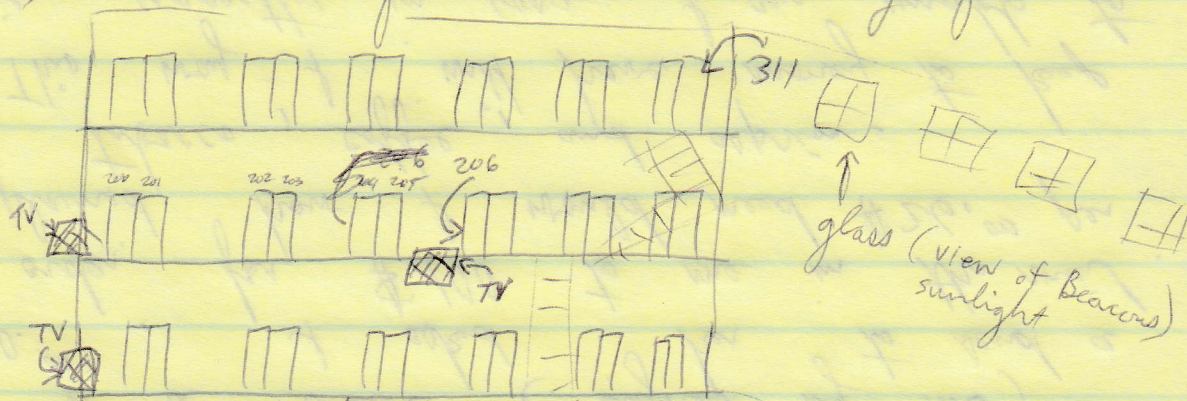
"Here is a man who was the world's first revolutionist, the true founder of the Socialist movement; a man whose whole being was one flame of hatred for wealth; who denounced in unmeasured terms the exploiters of his own time: "Woe unto you, scribes and pharisees, hypocrites!" — "Woe unto you also, you lawyers!" — Who drove out the businessmen and brokers from the Temple with a whip."
"This class conscious ~~ness~~ workingman! This agitator, lawbreaker, anarchist!"

[1730]

X

While relaxing in the sun out in the yard in brisk 45° F weather, Ray and I were told by Tom P. that the guy from cell 311 was being released. We quickly approached the podium to request being switched from cell 206 to cell 311. Before we even began explaining that the TV was too loud right in front of cell 206 - and that the traffic was too much going by our door - the officer gave us the go ahead.

Within 20 minutes we had our stuff in cell 311. We ate chow at 11:30, and by 12:30 we had everything set up just as in 206. This cell is in the most perfect position. It is on the highest tier, in the furthest corner away from the Televisions.



There are 3 flights of stairs to climb, but this is great for my legs. Cell 206 was right in the middle, dead center, of the wing. Not only ~~was~~ ^{is} it directly behind the main TV, but it gets traffic from the first and third tiers. It gets traffic from the left and from the right. It is a relief to be in a spot where no one treads. No one has reason to pass from the left or the right.

I still have yet to hear from Turning Point. I am worried that there is no bed available. I ~~will~~ be disappointed if I have

X

" We need only realize that we live in the shadow of a vast conspiracy to make us think work is good for us. The agents of this conspiracy are vast powerful and many, including past and present bigwigs of industry, religion, and politics. People, in short, with a vested interest in your productivity, not your happiness.

" When the first words ~~you~~^{we} hear at a party are "What do you do?" we are victims of the work ethic."

When I get out of jail, when I am out of rehab, on probation I hope to return to the park service. It is a lifestyle free of competition for high salaries. If, because of my loss of license, I am unable to return to the park, I will have to face the music. I would not be the only intelligent human being out of work.

X

Disappointments teach me not to make plans, not to expect things to happen at definite points in time. I have to surf the chaos.

What is freedom? Is Mental freedom ~~is~~ more powerful than physical freedom? I have my health. I even have my youth, well -

I am only 30 years old. I have managed to remain unmarried. This has been easy as I am withdrawn and rarely socialize. So, what is freedom? To be free from, ANGST is the kind of mental freedom I strive

X

I will never forget the day I got the wound on my right forefinger at the base next to the knuckle. I had cleaned the entire kitchen, removed all the garbage, cleaned all the dishes. The last glass to be cleaned was a favorite. While scrubbing inside it, the pressure from my scrubbing was too much. The glass broke, leaving a very deep wound. I made a bandage.

This was just before I went for a drive to deliver corn bread to my Mom at her job in East Brunswick (Ethel Allen). This was the day I went to the Village at 3PM for a few beers and a couple shots of Goldslager. This was the day, July 17, 1997, that I was arrested for eluding the police after my car was reported having hit a car in the Food Town parking lot.

I watched that wound next to my knuckle slowly heal during the first month of my incarceration. I remember thinking of how wonderful it would be to magically transport myself to the time when it would be healed.

It has healed completely, and I take it for granted. What else has healed? Are there not wounds of the heart and soul unseen that also have healed? What about Ginger's death, the end of Sherry's love for me?

Attachments bind us. Non-attachment sets us free. I have been attached to living in the Tark House. In a sense, I have been a slave, enslaved by my attachments. Were I to accidentally discover I could continue to be a philosopher while earning my pay in some other way, I would not be attached any longer. I have always pursued philosophy and religion from a pure desire to deepen my awareness of the truth we stand in. My time with the park service has been good, but I also have come across many superficial, devious sorts of personalities. There are many miserable people who puff themselves up for appearance sake. Bullies bulldoze sheep. Maintenance workers carry the weight of fat administrators and law enforcement staff.

Ah, so it was not all blissful strolls through the woods? There was much subservience. There was much threats of being "insubordinate" when one dared to tell of a hot bag of air to pound salt. Politics I dislike.

I do hope that my presence is missed at MBSP in particular, by the NS SPS in general. Surely I will be enthusiastic about returning to my position, but I prepare myself for the possibilities of closing that chapter of my life abruptly. My position in society will never represent my identity. My sense of who I am has very little to do with "what I do to earn a paycheck". Evolution on a biological level is tied up with the social level of evolution. Intellectual evolution is beyond both.

There have been times I have wanted to die. The fact that I lived in the 1830's Tark House did not prevent those suicidal feelings. The fact that I had a drivers license and a job with the state government did not prevent suicidal tendencies.

Why should I allow the burden of arrest, the threat of imprisonment, the cost of fines, surcharges, lawyer costs fees rob me of my natural inner peace?

Do I not enter the Inner World when I sleep? Do I not experience the great relief of slumber as deeply as any creature in its den or nest?

Is there not a secret delight in not having to report to work to be told that pipes are leaking in the Region Office? It is ironic that in being put in jail I have been set free from many burdens. I keep this to myself for I would gladly take enslavement to the Parks Service over being a monkey man in the county jail zoo.

I am sleepy. I will stop writing lest I write right through the night. I don't know how long I will be here — I best conserve pens and paper. I will continue reading From Ape to Angel. Note: I sent a message to ANN from Mental Health inquiring about the phone interview with Turning Point.

I had a beautiful morning out in the yard.
I had to put my long underwear on because of the cold,
but by 11:00 it was warm in the sun. The sun
is the Ancient One, the source of most religions,
the source of life itself.

After lunch I called Jim Fagen. I found
out that I have been indicted and that this
court hearing will be an arraignment/status conference.
We are pleading not guilty hoping to come to
an agreement with the prosecutor to
allow me to go into a program and be
released from that program on probation.

Ann from Mental Health got back to me
today. She sent all my records to
Turning Point the day she met with me 10/15.
I will just have to sit back and wait
to hear from Turning Point. I can no
longer estimate when this will transpire.

This means that even if I get the
go ahead for program/probation, I will still
have to mail an acceptance letter to
Fagen. He will then have to set up a
day to get the motion signed by the
judge. This will probably take longer
than I had anticipated. I may want
to put in a request for a contact visit
the morning of 10/31 Friday. I may be
here 11/14. I will need another hundred
dollars for commissary.

Word is our library visit has been
cancelled. This means no recall visit on Monday either.
Most likely I will finish reading From Ape To Angel
by Monday. I will be forced to read Karl Marx's
Capital Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. I have

[2130]

What is it that thinks? Where do the thoughts come from? Does it matter?

Scientists say that questions lead to more questions. It is not an answer we need. Is it really happiness we are after? This first object of science is to search for truth; that of religion to give happiness. I can not find happiness in a faith that is founded only on the deceptive will to believe.

It is a feeling of awe or wonder that is at the bottom of all religious emotion. Presently I am in awe of the reality of an inner calm, a sense of resignation and peace. How I wonder at the serenity in my inner state - even as I am in a precarious situation.

It is as though the psyche has taken over. It has ancient wisdom - Psyche knows that it lives in the ebbing and flowing of the world as will and representations. Psyche realizes that, although the addicted beast was tormented from being caged, the organism-as-a whole is actually being delivered from a self destructive path. This situation only seems to be a failure. Psyche is ironically liberated from its own torment.

It dwells in great inner peace.

I can not pretend to be prepared for the worse, but regardless of what afflictions I am to endure, it is important to maintain a strong mind, a powerful PSYCHIC LIFE.

X

I wonder if I suffer from delusions of grandeur. I feel like I am some kind of mind that will speak to future generations through my notes. I have never felt inclined to write a story or a novel. I only want to speak. It is not even that I have any answers or advice. I just think that my honest sense of confusion and doubt might be refreshing to those who may also find themselves in the throes of metaphysical rebellion.

It was bad enough being a park maintenance worker; I can not imagine how I would feel having to stoop even lower to sustain my biological survival.

X

Oh, this trouble with being born. Within me is a strong spirit that wishes to remain honest; forever to be honest! No, I do not believe in Adam and Eve, Genesis, nor do I believe in the Resurrection.

It is not that I have a choice.

I am too honest to believe!

I find myself restraining my intellect so as not to alienate myself from my sister. Behind my eyes is the presence of mind that laughs at those who pity me for my disbelief. I wish I could make my sister understand and accept that when I am filled with inner peace, it does not necessarily have to be the result of the Lord Jesus Christ.

X

27 October 1997 Monday

[16:30]

I left for BOOKING at 0700. I was in the cage down there until 0845. By 0900 we were in the bull pen under the Court House. A headache was pounding in my skull. We ate at 11AM. I was not called up to the court room until 1:30PM. I met Jim Fagen for the first time. He told me to plead not guilty and that he would settle for nothing less than probation after the completion of a MICA program.

By ~~3:40~~ 2:40 PM Jim Fagen came down to the bull pen just in time as I was being shipped back to the jail. The brown shirt unlocked my cuffs, and I was cuffed to a bench to talk to my lawyer. Jim showed me that I was signing a plea for ELUDING armed and to 3rd degree 5YRS flat, \$7500 fines. I questioned the fines — he said this was only if I were convicted, that I would not be doing jail time and I would not be paying fines. I am getting A PROGRAM and then probation! The judge actually told the court room that "this man is in need of help, and he will get it".

This MAKES SENSE! I need help!
The State, the county, society, God wants to help me!

X

What follows is a special entry, the first of a series. I call it "Verbal Snapshots of the Boys of H-2 MCCI 1997"

Dave Castro (stalking) (40), ~~generally~~ A bear-like physically, child like mentally/emotionally - including tantrums that reach dangerous proportions. mental conditions: acute schizophrenia, bar syndromes. Dave wishes he could meet a young woman to have children with so he could show them things and play with them.

sayings: I wanted her over for a leg of lamb.

(Tender side)
Various barking sounds, engine sounds, (hard smoking of Camel-man), reminisces of his days on the tow truck working for the county, getting pulled over by the Freehold Twp, and Boro police for swerving while drinking coffee.

claim to fame at MCCI: throwing around 7 officers like rag dolls, during which they broke his arm in 6 places.

Chris McKenny (assault) (28) giant with immense pot belly; mentally deficient in all respects. "A great deal of dead brain tissue" - Ray Godfrey quote. Child-like. Total loss of memory from moment to moment. Aggressive when questioned or confronted.

sayings: What day is it?

claim to fame: pissing off the bunk in the middle of the night into sneakers. overly affectionate

Joe Michalski (murder) (28) "Bible Joe" thinks he is.

Christ. ^{stabbed 37 times} (ATTEMPTED RAPE) Spent most of his formative years at Marlboro State Psychiatric Hospital before the murder of someone he had met there. Strong tendency to recite passages from the Bible by memory - especially Revelations. Speaks in tongues - much to Mike Hentrich's dismay.

- ~~He~~ ~~has~~ Undergoes various physical changes in facial expressions and posture while trying to figure things out. Puts cross of ash on forehead and wraps rosary beads around wrist with cross dangling.

phys: med. height, med. build, strange yellowish tint to skin, perhaps from acute liver damage from various psychotropic drugs. CLAM to fame at MCCI: 2 trips to Vroom, countless stays in the infirmary, and constant preaching to staff. Considers himself the great healer, always laying hands on people.

(very friendly, even naïve side) Tom Patterson (double homicide) (40) shootings, multiple stabbings, decapitation and castration of male (including putting the male organ in victim's mouth) phys: medium height, medium build, full beard. Has taken on the personality completely opposite of the ~~personality~~ ~~psych~~ personality necessary to carry out the murders. He has found relief in his complete immersion in the books of the Bible. Shows signs of intolerance and anger when confronted with discrepancies in his religious ways of thinking.

MCCI claim to fame: convinced staff to allow him to use scissors and hair cutting material in direct contradiction to his crimes, yet inmates flock to his waiting chair.
Best cuts yet - Henrich and Godfreys (his pals).

Bill Hatchford (attempted murder) (52) was a famous pediatrician in Monmouth County.
phys: small stature, distinguished, professional look.
While trying to shoot his wife, he shot his son - injuring him.
- very interesting personality due to glimpses of a darker side; mimics black inmates with surprising accuracy. Very private.
- claim to fame: huge dictionary, crossword puzzles

Brian "Ducktape" Murphy (kidnapping, rape, sexual assault) (22)
* she was his girlfriend of 2 years, a virgin.
He ~~but~~ took meticulous care in not damaging her facially by wrapping a 2x4 in a heavy coating of styrofoam.
He knocked her out, put her in the trunk of his car, and took her to a motel where he proceeded to strip her of all clothing, and bound her legs and arms to the bed. He taped her mouth with duck tape, only removing it during his sexual attacks, the last of these attacks being sodomy for a period of 24 hours. (SAYS He could no longer look at her in the face).

claim to fame: eats no protein or fat, just cookies, bread, and fruit.

AMBITION: MOVIE STAR Plea Bargain: 30 FLAT,

Writing the thoughts of my psyche has been a very significant aspect of my daily existence. I rarely write about other people. The fact that I am putting together "Verbal Snapshots of the Boys of H-2 MCCI 1997" is not as morbid as it seems. I actually only mean to record to memory images that will help me remember the Boys themselves. I am not taking their inventory, but rather, stating their names, ages, crimes, physical descriptions, mental conditions, and some characteristics. I work on this along with Ray Godfrey, then I copy by pen the notes I have written so that Ray will have a copy for himself when he leaves November 5th.

We have sympathy and compassion for these guys. Sometimes the crimes are shocking, especially in comparison to the individual accused. Shocking or comical, I do not mean to make a joke out of their lives. I do not wish to exploit them. This is only an attempt to preserve the memory of them. These days are not a waste.

These are real people, and for whatever reason, we would like to remember them. Maybe we want to appreciate our lives, maybe we want to find some reasons to keep our memory of MCCI 1997 alive. Maybe one day we will want to contact one, track a few down, send a Seasons Greetings card to - whatever. Others, I admit, we may get a laugh from, use as a base to create a fictional character out of. These are not freaks, but human beings who have broken the moral codes of our culture. Enough said.

X

Verbal Snapshots of the Boys of H-2 MCC I 1997

Robert "MEXICO" Bentaport MURDER

37 to 45 med. build, Mexican dark complexion, huge hands, fairly tall.

His wife was leaving him 3 days after he was released on a domestic violence complaint. She threatened to take his daughter. He followed her out into the apartment parking lot, and with a 12 inch butcher knife stabbed her on face and chest area approx 45 times.

First 3 months, he shows no signs of remorse - Amazingly "happy go lucky". Only very recently, say the 4th month, does he show signs of remorse and pain.

Paul Sotkoss 18 Break and Entries (caught) + 30 unsolved B+E's
25 Tall, med. build

Heroin addict / alcoholic / womanizer / playfriend / thief / always looking for the short cut
Nickname - Anne Landers of H-2, gossip columnist
Happy go lucky, never took responsibility for actions
Spoiled rotten by his parents. His father was a warden of a state prison. His mother was a secretary of the attorney general.

Was in MCC I 3 months, now in Discovery House for 10 months.

" Verbal Snapshots of the Boys of H-2 MCCI 1997 "

Dave Whalen Restraining Order hunky, med height
55? He flipped ^{out} at his in-laws company which he ran, - was a computer whiz. He trashed the office, destroying at least one million dollars worth of computers. Shortly after he arrived at MCCI he was sent to the Vroom building for 6 months. On Thorzine. He's never been the same since. He does not speak. He shuffles about. Great basketball shooter. So far, he's been locked up 14 months on restraining order.

" Jersey " Jim Doherty OPEN CONTAINER, "FUCK YOU YOUR HONOR",
60 " WHERE AM I GONNA COME UP WITH \$5000?
I'M LIVING ON A PARK BENCH! "
physical - tall and lean; beloved by all jailbirds
sayings - " You can't get em' with the passes, get
em' with the kisser."
" I'll give ya' a ring - I'll give ya' a ring around
your ass! "
- When trying to sodomize a date - she said,
" I'll blacken your fuckin' eyes! "
" Kansas City here I come "
While hot air balloons were flying over the
yard - Jim pulled his pants down and mooned
the hot air balloon. Everyone laughed, including
the guards. Jim became our hero. No
one wanted to see him leave. Wherever
he went, he left people in stitches.
Current status unknown.

"Leapin'" Luis Tomez
40?

ELUDING, ATTEMPTED MURDER ON POLICE,
SUICIDE ATTEMPT from 3rd FLOOR
30 FLAT after his mom spent \$50,000.00
on lawyer.

phys: heavy set, short + stocky, long ~~fing~~ fingernails
He broke both ankles and legs in his
attempted suicide.

Lukie "Meat cleaver" Maletto
52

MEATCLEAVER ASSAULT ON WIFE
ATTEMPTED MURDER

phys: lean, med. height
CLAIM TO FAME - 20 bags of chips per week
guards room - smokes at door squatting
DETAIL OF CRIME - sitting having lunch
with wife when she told him she was
sick and tired of their lifestyle. He blacked
out for 10 minutes. When he came to
he was standing over her with a
meat cleaver while she was pleading for
her life in a pool of blood.
Took her to the hospital and
claimed she fell down the stairs.
Facing 20 years under the GRAVES ACT.
Small time bookie, drug dealer.
Personality - rat like qualities, but sometimes
friendly.

Verbal Snapshots

Jimmy Nardo Rape, 3 time loser

34

phys: wiry, afro-red hair

been in jail for 15 years over the last 20
claim to fame - "you guys don't know what prison life
is like... you know what Jim says... I've been down
15 years... ya know what Jim saying.
How 'bout dem Giants?"
Sports fanatic

Walter Brown 3rd drug charge, shoplifting warrant

40

phys- tall, thin, black

uncanny! synchronicity! As we are making
this report, just after writing the words Sports fanatic
above, we hear "Walter Brown!"

Walter had been released 5 days ago. He returns
as we get to his name on the list.

His English was poor. He would call people
"Hey" to get their attention. He would scream
"I'm whoop all your asses!"

He would grab coffee, cigarettes, and sugar, always
trying to sell items.

Billy Bigals ATROCIOUS ASSAULT

35

phys: tall, built

SKIZOPHRENIC. He would yell one minute and want
to play monopoly the next,

FISH HOOK BILLY: He is the cyclops (in a fight, someone
put a fish hook in
his eye)

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Reed Pilkington CHILD SUPPORT, ASSAULT, ATTEMPTED TO SHOOT
30 CHIEF OF POLICE (Kearnsburg)

Physical: short, very husky. His head was large and each arm was as wide as his head.

He was proud of his escapades. While drunk, he shot up his landlords houses with a gun. The police found him naked in his yard - sound asleep with a bottle in his hand - a bottle of booze in his hand.

Reed was a pseudo intellectual with plans to write a book about The Father Race and The Mother Race. He considered blacks as taking after their mother, the earth, and whites taking after some extraterrestrial alien. At times he would check into a hospital, claiming to be suicidal, just to get some food and cash. He tells of one place down south where a group of people lived around a lake, taking shelter under a tarp. They smoked pot all day and drank. Sometimes they worked. Reed sold them pot.

Note: We had to pause because Tom Patterson came in our cell. He stayed in our cell - eye balling my notes. Finally I confessed that I had promised Ray I would write up some notes on each of the guys from H-2. Tom looked disturbed about the notes, and made sure to make clear the fact that he wants to be left out of it.

Paranoid.

On that note...

Arnold Farmer ARSON - burned down Keensburg boardwalk.
ARSON - after doing 10 years in prison
for the above, he was sent to Marlboro
Psychiatric Hospital for 2 years before release.
He burned down 2 cottages.
phys: chubby

Richard Bernard Set up (for dealing cocaine)
at Marlboro Psych. by Steve Attriva.

phys: thin, bloated stomach, no teeth
Richard is peculiar, serious problems - evokes pity.
- Rarely baths (perhaps because of bad experiences
in Marlboro in the showers)
- defecates in mop bucket in janitor closet
- sleeps in fetal position in weight room with
lights out.

I will let Ray take care of Tony Dorn
Robbery 17yrs
and Greg Waite (manufacturing drugs).
parole violation (hitchhiking)

TO: PAUL SEDOR (REGION 2 SUPER INTENDANT)

My mother made me aware of your concern, and I appreciate your patience. I have much I want to express to you, but I will try to make this as brief as possible. I have no control over the court system. It took four months just to get in front of a judge for an arraignment. I am innocent, but if I took this to trial, I would be waiting in jail — waiting to get a court date (up to a year). I pleaded not guilty which forced the prosecutor to offer me a plea. My lawyer guaranteed I could beat the eluding charge, but I want to get back to work as soon as I can, hence I signed a plea for probation upon completion of a rehabilitation program.

I will be going to Turning Point in Verona for up to 90 days. As far as my DL goes I requested to go to Municipal Court ASAP, but my lawyer advised me it will be months before we can get a court date. He believes we will beat both DWI and LEAVING THE SCENE OF AN ACCIDENT.

Paul, I was not involved in an accident. My car was identified as having hit a car in a parking lot. This was the reason the police followed me home. I didn't even know I was being chased. This has been very frustrating. No matter how innocent I feel, I realize that I had been drinking that day, and that I was very angry. I am relieved to be free from the cycle of addiction. I wish I could return to work tomorrow, but the court wants to see me get some help.

I understand that MBSP is short a maintenance worker, but don't forget the three years I worked alone under Jim Roe. There were times we did not have a superintendent. There were a couple of months I worked with no supervisor nor superintendent (with a full crew of seasonals). I was able to manage. I am sure Claude and Jim will survive. Please wait for me to complete the rehab before pulling the rug out from under my feet. I will continue to fight for my freedom and my driving privileges.

Note: This is the first PWI charge. When I was 19 (1986), I lost my DL for DRIVING WITHOUT INSURANCE. Don't lose faith in me now Paul. I am more stable than ever. I hope to see you in Feb 98. I will keep you posted.

Sincerely,
Mike Hentrich

NOTE: When FLORIO was governor, even if someone lost their DL, he could drive to/from/at work! WORKER'S DL. It was WHITMAN who changed ELUDING to a 2nd degree crime - never before would I have spent one day in jail even if I was guilty! I am a natural resource ~~and~~ I don't waste a natural resource! I guess I can't be brief. ☺

So this is the letter that supposedly got this administrator so upset. He is the one who hired me when he was stationed at Cheesquake as superintendent in 1989. No lone lost!

1 know before hand to be cautious of my tendency to think for myself. I am sure I will follow the rules at the rehab and conform to the program for I am aware of the consequences.

Having said this, here is an excerpt from EZ about resisting enculturation. It must be remembered that a treatment facility is a community separate from the main culture - and their rules are strict for their own reasons. I will certainly conform to Turning Point's rules.

" Learning to resist enculturation and the many pressures to conform: To function fully, a resistance to cultururation is almost a given. You may be viewed by some as insubordinate, which is the price you'll pay for thinking for yourself. You may be seen as different, be labeled selfish or rebellious, incur disapproval from many "normal" people, and at times be ostracized. What we're talking about here has nothing to do with anarchy. No one wants to destroy society."

" Justice is a myth. Justice does not exist. The legal system promises justice. Those with money are not convicted. Judges and policemen are often bought by the powerful. The poor fill the jails, and have next to no chance of beating the system. It's not fair, but it's true. Governmental yes-men spend a few months in a minimum security prison while the poor and members of minority groups rot in jail waiting for trial, waiting for a chance. A visit to any local courthouse or police station will prove

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EZ (continued)

" — that the influential have a separate set of rules, although this is relentlessly denied by the authorities. Where is the justice? Nowhere! Deciding to fight it may be admirable indeed, but choosing to be upset by it is as neurotic as guilt or approval seeking."

The point is that life is not fair, and the belief that "it should be fair" is what does us in. It is not INJUSTICE that does us in, but "the belief that JUSTICE must exist."

TIPS: replace the phrase "It's unfair" with "It's unfortunate."

Life just simply is not fair. There is no reason to get upset about this fact. One has to try to take control of one's life. In fact, knowing that life is unfair and that justice does not exist, one would be wise to love their own selves and vigilantly take care of this self. A false sense of the justice of the world could lead one into falling victim to an "unfortunate" situation.

ANGER → "Anger takes the form of rage, hostility, or glowering silence. It is not simple annoyance or irritation. Anger is immobilizing and it is usually the result of wishing the world and the people in it were different. Severe anger is a form of insanity. You are insane whenever you are not in control of your behavior. Therefore, when you are angry and out of control, you are temporarily insane."

from LBS << "Patients with a flat curve: Their occupations are distasteful to them, forced upon them by circumstances beyond their control, and they react with "apathy", ^{loss} of zest for life, a general let down feeling of aimlessness, a revulsion against the routine of everyday life."

"The flat curve results when a person finds no challenge and no sense of achievement in pursuing his (inescapable) duties; and the body responds to the deficit in mental and emotional challenge by not attuning itself to the demands made upon it, with the result that there is an imbalance created between the function of the adrenal glands, which elevate blood sugar, and the pancreas, which lowers it. This results in a chronic half starvation of the brain. The sugar levels in the blood do not dip low enough to cause black out, nor rise high enough to permit efficient function, and the person is only half-alive, existing in a twilight zone where constant fatigue is the symptoms of his emotional-sit-down-strike."

"It is a rebellion against monotony and tedious and unwanted and disliked tasks that give no sense of achievement. A lack of zest leads to low sugar in the brain. A condition of emotional let down, based on the disruption of the patient's goal structure, influences the vegetative balance and manifests itself in a disturbance of the regulatory mechanism controlling the sugar concentration in the blood." >>

X

I received word from Mom. She also sent a photograph of Baron - the Olde English Sheepdog that I grew up with from ages 8 to 17. Remembering who I was as a child is fascinating, like Roger Waters in "Pink Floyd: The Wall". In fact, I do have a colorful imagination of my childhood.

X

< I was put in jail; and as I stood considering the walls of solid stone, two or three feet thick, I could not help being struck with the foolishness of that institution which treated me as if I were mere flesh and blood and bones, to be locked up.

I wondered that it should have concluded at length that this was the best use it could put me to, and had never thought to avail itself on my services in some way. I saw that if there was a wall of stone between me and my townsmen, there was a still more difficult one to climb or break through before they could get to be as free as I was. I did not for a moment feel confined, and the walls seemed a great waste of stone and mortar. They plainly knew not how to treat me, but behaved like persons who are underbred. In every threat and in every compliment there was a blunder; for they thought that my chief desire was to stand the other side of that stone wall.

I could not but smile to see how industriously they locked the door on my meditations, which followed them out again without let or hinderance, and they were really all that was dangerous. As they could not reach me, they chose to punish my body. I saw that the State was half-witted, that it was as timid as a lone woman with her silver spoons and that it did not know its friends from its foes, and I lost all my remaining respect for it, and pitied it. >>

13 November 1997 Thursday page 3 : from H.D.T
Civil Disobedience (continued) → << Thus the State never
intentionally confronts a man's sense, intellectual or moral,
but only his body, his senses. It is not armed
with superior wit or honesty, but with superior
physical strength. I was not born to be forced.
I will breathe after my own fashion. Let us
see who is the strongest. What force has a
multitude? They only can force me who obey
a higher law than I. They force me to
become like themselves. I do not hear of men
being forced to live this way or that by masses of
men. When I meet a government which says to
me, "Your money or your life", why should I be in
haste to give it my money? It is not worth
the while to snivel about it. I am not
responsible for the successful working of the machinery of
society. >>

This little excerpt written by Henry David
Thoreau was heard far around the world. This
man who wanted to just live peacefully in
the woods without allegiance to the State sent
a message to the world: The INDIVIDUAL
IS A HIGHER POWER (AN INDEPENDENT POWER).
I will not be made to see myself as a
failure because of this turn of events in my
life. Security is absurd anyway. I am free
as long as my spirit is free, as
long as my mind is free. Do we even
fathom the kind of plant life we are?

1997 11 19 WE P5 [1420] Social Services called down to H-2, the guard called my name. I approached the podium. The guard told me that the Sheriff's Department would be calling ~~me~~ picking me up tomorrow! I am being transported to Turning Point tomorrow! Why does it feel so much better this time? Is it because an exact day has been verified?

Instead of wondering if something is going to go wrong, I can start breaking down my bunk immediately after breakfast during lockdown. I can have a great burst of hope in my heart every time the phone rings as I anticipate the words "HENTRICH. ETG!". Tomorrow will be an adventure. Tomorrow will be a day unlike any of the past 130 days. The drive will be fun. The Admissions process will be comforting, knowing I am being processed into a therapeutic community by higher powers than myself.

On the phone with my sister, we seemed to disagree over "getting upset about the screw up". At the time, no one knew there was a screw up. If Mom and I had just sat back having faith in the system, who knows what would have happened? Our being "upset" motivated us to stay on top of the situation.

Now, after dinner I will shower. I do not want to play basketball tonight. I want to relax, take it easy, collect my thoughts. I want to have self control as far as my excitement goes.